

The Historie of

Moore-ditch?

*Fals.* Thou hast the most vnfauiory similes, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascallest sweete yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Counsell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir; but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

*Prince.* Thou didst well: for Wisedome cries out in the streetes, and no man regards it.

*Fals.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*; God forgie thee for it: Before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life; and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damned for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

*Prince.* Where shall we take a Purse to morrow, *Iacke*?

*Fals.* Zounds, where thou wilt lad, Ile make one: and I do not, call me Villaine, and Baffell me.

*Prince.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from Praying, to Purse taking.

*Fals.* Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no sinne for a man to labour in his vocation.

*Enter Poyes.*

*Poyes.* Now shall we know if Gads hill haue set a match: O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent Villaine that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow *Ned*.

*Poyes.* Good morrow sweet *Hall*. What sayes Monsieur Remorse? What sayes sir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, *Iacke*? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy soule, that thou souldst him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

*Prin.* Sir *Iohn* stands to his word, the Diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of Prouerbes: he will giue the Diuell his due.

Henry the fou

*Poyes.* Then art thou damnd the diuell.

*Prince.* Else he had bin damnd.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to elocke early at Gads hil, there are ry with rich offrings, and trader purses. I haue vizards for you al selues: Gads-hil lies to night in R per to morrow night in Eastcheap sleepe: if you will go, I will stusse if you will not, tarry at home and

*Fals.* Heare ye *Yedward*, if I hang you for going.

*Poy.* You will chops.

*Fals.* *Hat*, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a theefe?

*Fals.* Thers neither honesty, ship in thee; nor thou camest not darest not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well then once in my d

*Fals.* Why thats well said.

*Prin.* Well, come what will, Ile

*Fals.* By the Lord Ile be a traitor

*Prin.* I care not.

*Poin.* Sir *Iohn*, I prethee leaue t lay him downe such reasons for th

*Fals.* Wel, God giue thee the sp cares of profiting, that what thou he heares may be beleueed, that the tion sake) proue a false theefe; for want countenance: farewell, you

*Prin.* Farewel the latter spring, fa

*Poy.* Now my good sweet hony row. I haue a least to execute, tha *Falstaffe*, *Harney*, *Rosill*, and *Gads*- we haue already way-laid; your s and when they haue the booty, if y cut this head from my shoulders.

B.